

BABY'S FIRST TOOTH.



GENERAL DE BILITY'S DESPAIR; Or, ANTONIO TONSILITI'S TRANQUILITY.

By the Author of "Froze His Face; Or, Collapsed in His Ice Cream."

CHAPTER I.

At eventide, with spirits gay,
The jocund bovine stood;
Although she was not eating hay,
She chewed because she cud.

—Cowper.

"I can never marry a member of the White Wings Brigade."

As she spoke Birdie Birtwhistle waved her hand, and Antonio Tonsiliti moved like a snake toward the door.

"Hah!" he said, "hah! You despise me because I sweep the street, then?"

"No," she answered, "I despise you because you don't."

The dark-skinned Italian eyed the girl like a panther for three-quarters of an hour.

"Would you marry me if I should drive an ash cart?" he asked finally, pretending not to see the irony of her last thrust.

"No, no, no," she said, and the tears came to her eyes like diamonds; "the truth is you don't own a dress suit. You know I am swell."

In another second the Italian had clutched his throat and staggered from the house.

CHAPTER II.

The farmer bought his wife two frocks of green, with red between;
And then he blew in all his rocks
On goods that were all green.

—Paradise Lost.

General De Bility, of the Hoboken Hussars, was vastly older than Birdie Birtwhistle. Therefore he lied to her about his age. Had he not done so, she would have believed him.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, she did not love him. But she intended mar-

rying him because he had a dress suit. True, he also had a great war record. But it was not genuine.

CHAPTER III.

She told me that I was a goose;
And yet I bless my luck—
For after making that excuse,
She wed a Paris Duc.

—Blue Whiskers Blake.

Otto Stumpff, the tailor, was cross-eyed. Therefore he could not see a joke. Some said he was a fool because he looked and acted like one. But he paid no attention to their prattle, because he could not see himself as others saw him.

But one thing was certain—when two gentlemen left suits to be pressed one day he got their faces crossed in his mind, and the direst confusion followed.

CHAPTER IV.

There is no love so sweet as that
Which dominies can link;
There is no love so strong as that
Pertaining to strong drink.

—Lord Byron.

"Ha, just in time, my lad. Here is a cent for your promptness."

With a low courtesy the boy that brought General De Bility's clothes back from the tailor accepted the gratuity and withdrew.

"In five minutes more I shall claim her at the altar." And General De Bility ripped the cord from the package.

But why did he drop to the floor like one hit by a blackjack?

The answer was to be found in the more artistic suite of apartments occupied by Antonio Tonsiliti.

"The work of a divine healer," exclaimed the latter, as he beheld in the place of his White Wings uniform the resplendent dress suit of General De Bility.

"Ah!" he said as he put it on.

CHAPTER V.

The parson gave them all good-by,
And homeward sadly rode;
The setting hen gave up a sigh—
And then the rooster crowed.

—Author of "If I Should Die To-Night."

"How brave and sweet he looks," whispered the thousand voices that had gathered to see General De Bility married.

Antonio Tonsiliti made no reply, although he thought a good deal. On he went until he reached the side of Birdie Birtwhistle, who was completely hidden from sight by her bridal robe. It was

easy enough for him to recognize her, however, as she had red hair.

"Join hands," said the dominie, "and it will all be over in a moment."

But hark! What is the disturbance in the rear of the church?

"An insane street sweeper," whispers some one. In an instant he is put out, and the ceremony is over. A week has also elapsed.

Why is Antonio Tonsiliti so happy now? Ha, General De Bility has been court-martialed for impersonating a White Wings, thereby disgracing the uniform, and is already serving a life sentence on Blackwell's Island.

And the cup of Birdie Birtwhistle is full, too, for General De Bility never suspected that Antonio was in possession of his dress suit. It is almost worn out now, as Antonio used it during their honeymoon.

His Terrible Revenge.

Chlorine de Chatterton, fair coquette, shattered score of hearts, I'll bet; never once felt the slightest regret—never experienced remorse; and yet was by an awful doom beset—a doom that a woman finds hard to forget. Chlorine de Chatterton, fair coquette!

It seems that her twentieth lover, or so, was a dapper young man with heart aglow with the fire of love—and perhaps Old Crow—and he worshipped Chlorine from head to toe till she threw him over and bade him go. And this was her twentieth lover or so.

Love turned to hate, but, unlike the rest, he, the dapper young man, with a zest, schemed with a sizzling hate in his breast, schemed for revenge as he knew best, till he hit on a plan unblest! And he laughed till the tears rolled down his vest!

Chlorine de Chatterton, now brought to book! Vain, vain, thy pleading and tearful look, spurned by the dapper young man you forsook! Little recked you of the gloomy outlook; little you thought that he'd marry your cook! For that was the form his revengefulness took!

Those Arctic Nights.

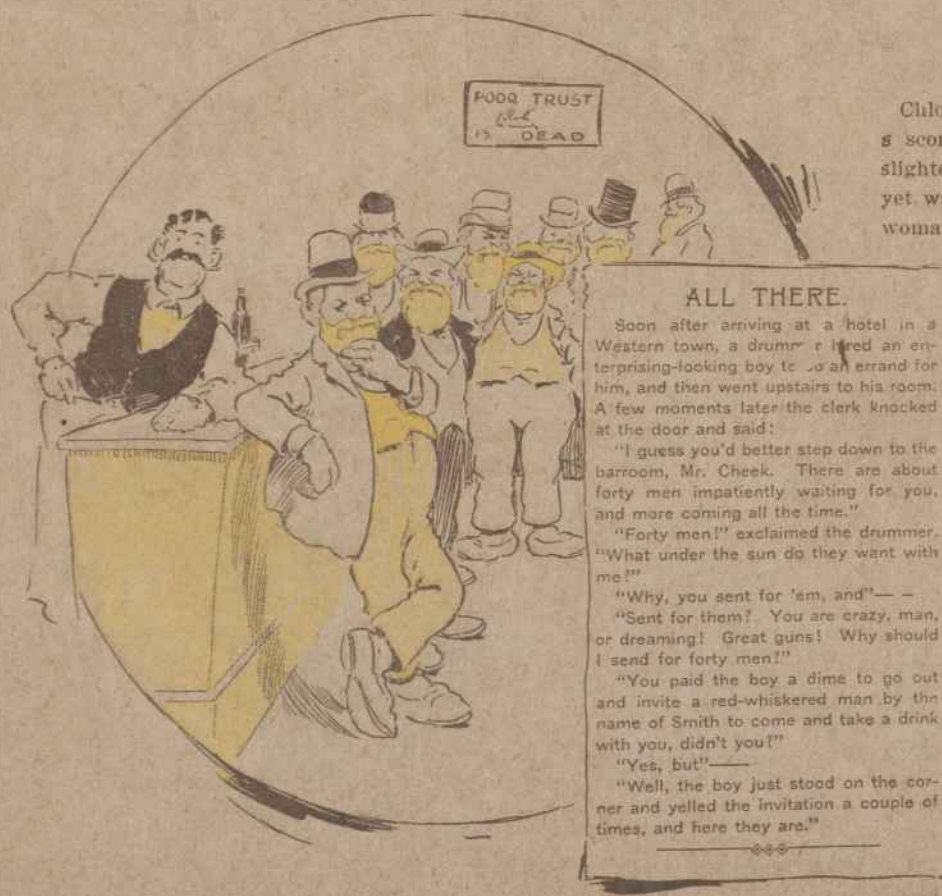
"Time continued" to wing its weary flight, and still the young man made no movement to go.

The maiden yawned repeatedly, and as she lit another candle and tossed the stump of the burned out one into a corner where lay 287 other burned out stumps she did so with a gesture eloquent of fatigue.

Still the young man sat upon the couch of bearskins and related tales of his prowess in tracking the ptarmigan and sperm whale to their lairs. Midnight had come and gone three weeks before.

At last the maiden rose to her feet, and walking to the side of the room carefully studied a calendar that hung upon an icicle against the wall. Then she tore off the leaves that bore the dates of a couple of months, crumpled them in her hands and tossed them aside.

The young Esquiman, Mehlivnovaleh Mptanigaronak, flushed, looked at his watch, seized his hat, and with a hasty "good night!" stooped and crawled under the flap of the door just as the first ten days of the dawn had tinted the snows with a roseate glow.



ALL THERE.

Soon after arriving at a hotel in a Western town, a drummer hired an enterprising-looking boy to go an errand for him, and then went upstairs to his room. A few moments later the clerk knocked at the door and said:

"I guess you'd better step down to the barroom, Mr. Cheek. There are about forty men impatiently waiting for you, and more coming all the time."

"Forty men!" exclaimed the drummer.

"What under the sun do they want with me?"

"Why, you sent for 'em, and"—

"Sent for them? You are crazy, man, or dreaming! Great guns! Why should I send for forty men?"

"You paid the boy a dime to go out and invite a red-whiskered man by the name of Smith to come and take a drink with you, didn't you?"

"Yes, but"—

"Well, the boy just stood on the corner and yelled the invitation a couple of times, and here they are."



OLD LADY—My little boy, do you smoke cigarettes?
KID—No, mmm, but I can give you a chew.